

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1838, and is now in its hundred and thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, interesting and valuable. It is published at the rate of \$1.00 per copy in advance, and is sold at the rate of \$1.00 per copy in advance, and is sold at the rate of \$1.00 per copy in advance.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George, Frederick B. Boney, President; F. Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.
DAVIS BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; J. Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.
COURT WARDEN, No. 679, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Warden; Joseph J. Boney, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.
THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.
LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—Mrs. B. C. Sullivan, President; Mrs. M. J. Deane, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.
DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Thompson. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.
ADMIRAL THOMAS CLARK, Spanish War Veterans, No. 131 and 53, Thimble Street, Commander, Charles B. Boney; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.
LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—Miss Catherine O'Brien; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.
REDWOOD LODGE, No. 13, K. of C.—James H. Thompson, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.
DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.
OLAV NELSON, No. 163—John Yale, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.
NEWPORT LODGE, No. 28, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lusk, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Newport County Association.

Governor Aram J. Pothier and nearly 100 others, members of the Newport County Association, came to Newport on Thursday for the second annual outing of the organization, which is composed of present and former members of the General Assembly and a few others. The weather was somewhat threatening during the early morning but the rain held off until the party arrived at the beach when it came down in torrents but could not interrupt the joy of the occasion. The programme had to be changed a trifle to conform to the requirements of the weather but the occasion was no less enjoyable. As the visitors arrived by boat or train they proceeded to the Senate Chamber in the Old State House, where Sheriff Anthony saw that all signed the register and obtained their tickets. After a social hour spent in renewing old acquaintances and carriages and automobiles were taken for Easton's Beach where Caterer Negus had prepared an excellent clam bake to which all did ample justice. Before the party was seated, President Robert S. Franklin expressed a greeting to the members, very briefly, and then all fell to with a will. After the dinner the next feature on the programme was a drive to the Troling Station to witness the regular weekly drill of the apprentice battalion. At that time however the rain was falling copiously. Captain Hourigan telephoned over that it would be inadvisable to hold the out-door drill, but offered to hold a calisthenic drill in the gymnasium. The party decided however to proceed directly to the residence of Hon. R. Livingston Beekman, where they remained until time to take the trains for home, being hospitably entertained. This was the second occasion of this character and was as enjoyable as its predecessor, with the exception of the rain. The officers of the Newport County Association are Robert S. Franklin, President; R. Livingston Beekman, Vice President; Isaac H. Clarke, Secretary; James Anthony, Treasurer. Dr. George D. Ramsey is entertaining his niece, Miss Elizabeth G. M. Ramsey, of Wilmington, Del.

Representative Council.

The representative council held a session of about two hours Thursday evening, during which a number of matters were brought up, but not a great deal of important business was transacted. An appropriation was made for the entertainment of the battleship fleet, the report of the police station committee was received and ordered printed, and the vacancy on the board of health was filled by the election of William R. Harvey. When the meeting was called to order there was something more than a quorum present and most of the members remained until adjournment was taken. After the call of the roll Mr. Perry called attention to an irregularity in the form of calling the meeting; the call being signed by the city messenger by order of the board of aldermen. Mr. Perry's contention was that the notice of the meeting should have been signed by the chairman of the council at the request of the board of aldermen. After a somewhat amicable discussion, the matter was dropped. A resolution was read making an appropriation of \$1850, all that is available, for the battleship fund. It was passed without discussion. A resolution was read, directing the city solicitor to request the General Assembly to pass an amendment to the law, whereby the City of Newport may be allowed to appropriate not to exceed \$5000 for purposes of entertainment in any one year. A rising vote was taken on this and it was passed by a vote of 31 to 23. On recommendation of the assessors of taxes, resolutions were passed permitting or refunding several small amounts in taxes. A petition for a sewer in County street was referred to the next budget committee. A petition was received from Mrs. Emma B. Auchincloss, stating that she had been assessed for \$10,000 on a lot which she purchased for \$4,000, and asking that the assessment be reduced to that amount. It was referred to the assessors of taxes. A resolution inviting President Taft to come to Newport was continued on the table, as the President will be unable to come to Newport this fall but has promised to come for the dedication of the building when it is finished. A petition from P. H. Morgan for refunding of taxes which he claimed were illegally and wrongfully assessed was referred to the assessors of taxes for a report. A petition for repairs to Evans street was received. A petition for a brow or landing for small boats near the Hawthorne street pier was received. A petition from William H. Sisson for remission of personal property tax was referred to the board of assessors. A resolution was passed providing for the assessment and collection of a poll tax. A petition was presented from S. B. Luce and many others, requesting the city to accept a drinking fountain to be provided by the petitioners to be located near Touro Park provided the city would maintain the same. Dr. Brackett moved that the gift be accepted, but was informed there were complications in the way, connected with the controversy with the Newport Water Works over the rates to the city. He therefore moved that it be referred to a committee and it was so voted. The committee on new police station presented a long report signed by its chairman, Robert Kerr. The report went deeply into the work of the committee showing the discussion about sites, and the opposition that had been encountered in every desirable site. They had conferred fully with the Jamestown authorities who have been most active in opposing the present site, but felt that for the best interests of Newport it is desirable that the new station be located on the present spot. They had communicated with the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company, asking a price on the land owned by that company and now occupied by the Adams Express Company. The reply was that the company had no land for sale. The committee therefore recommended that the present site be adopted and that the land be obtained by condemnation. The report further contained the plans and specifications of the proposed building and an estimate of the price. The committee recommended a bond issue of \$35,000 for the purpose of paying for the new station, the bonds to be in denomination of \$1000 each and one to mature each year for 35 years. After the report had been read, Hon. Isaac H. Clarke, president of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company, was given the privilege of addressing the council for ten minutes. He spoke eloquently in favor of giving the town of Jamestown a good entrance into Newport, showing how much the business of that town is worth to the city. At his conclusion he was greeted with liberal applause. The report was then discussed and it was finally ordered printed and distributed to the members of the council.

The Sailors' Clambake.

Plans for the entertainment of the sailors of the battleship fleet are coming on apace. The general committee held a meeting on Monday night and the business was talked over generally, while sub-committees were considering questions that had been referred to them. There was a good attendance of members of the committee and money was reported to be coming in well. The sub-committee on entertainment was called upon for a report, but was not ready to render one. The committee therefore retired for a time and discussed the matter. Later it reported with recommendation that the entertainment consist of a clambake, and the general committee adopted the recommendation. It was indicated that there could be considerable help obtained from the Troling Station in the way of serving the bake. Financial matters were talked over, and it was the sentiment of the committee that subscriptions should not be counted as cash until they had been actually paid in, and that there should be no deficit. It was discovered that the representative council could not appropriate \$3000 as expected; but only \$1850, as \$1350 has already been appropriated for purposes of entertainment this year. It was voted that a petition should be presented to the Legislature asking that the city be authorized to appropriate up to \$5000 for such a purpose. Chairman Clarke announced the appointment of his sub-committees on the clambake, as follows: Executive—Thomas P. Peckham, Thomas C. Albino, Daniel E. Doherty, J. C. Beahy, W. H. Sullivan, H. A. Tins, J. P. Cotton. Finance—F. P. Garretts, J. P. Sullivan, A. B. Comerford, J. P. Mahoney, J. E. Ledy, Thomas B. Congdon, Edward A. Sherman, E. A. Brown, B. E. Towner. Entertainment—William Shepley, J. M. Oler, A. B. Comerford, Frank T. Klug, F. B. Nolan. Appropriation by Representative Council—F. P. Nolan, Max Levy, J. P. Esbom. Transportation—M. E. Kelly, J. A. Allen, Nicholas E. Dwyer, J. W. Gibson, D. B. Allen, Peter Faerber, Robert Kerr. Music—J. R. Purcell, Herbert A. Knoll, Henry J. Hays, William T. Libby, D. E. Sullivan, S. B. Tuxia, Richard Bullock. Reception—J. P. Mahoney, R. J. Beekman, R. S. Burlingame, F. B. Coggeshall, W. R. Hunter, John B. Sullivan, Dr. G. D. Ramsey. Publicity and Advertising—H. G. Ward, J. H. Drury, L. K. Carr, John P. Sullivan, J. A. Jacobs, L. W. Coudray, Walter Dennis. Collection—Charles H. Sullivan, Benjamin Anthony, Marco A. Russo, E. Voigt, Harry O. Cooke, Dr. M. A. Van Horne, H. D. Franch, William Chadwick, Eugene Schreier, M. J. Corcoran, Arthur Holly, J. Frank Albino, John Nelson, William E. Brightman. Invitation—Robert S. Franklin, William Lays, A. Stewart, G. P. Lawton, A. McLeod, P. J. Murphy, Harold A. Peckham. Clambake—D. J. McGowan, J. A. Allen, Fletcher W. Lawton, Frank Tallman, James McFels, J. E. Sullivan, H. E. Bliss, D. J. Walsh, Joseph Donovan, John Purcell, Frank P. King, B. E. Towner, James Hart, Harry Oler, W. Taylor, D. B. Allen, George W. Ritchie, W. E. Munford, James Egau, John Burke, James Knight, John Doughty, Harry Diehl, David Frant, J. A. Arouson, B. Winkler, James Jettling, H. Bradley, M. Tobin, Herbert Cole, R. J. Sharkey, Stephen Fludder, Christopher Ward, Harry Wright, David Hepburn, Harry Whipple, Harry Williams, Christopher Cooper, V. B. Anderson, A. J. Kirwin, J. B. F. Smith, George Fludder, Manson Alwater, J. C. Atwater, W. T. Libby, Charles Murphy, F. McFellin, J. Heald, Percy Austin, Charles Dawson. Purchasing—Charles Tisdell, H. O. Cooke, Charles Bene, L. Carr, F. W. Lawton, C. Tallman, James H. Drury, C. Anderson, J. Angule, F. B. Coggeshall, H. H. Rooney, A. W. Arthur, E. A. Brown, John Nagle, W. Rose, John Lawton, Herbert Smith. Carriage—J. K. Sullivan, James Corzigan, James Dugan, John Sullivan, B. M. Anthony, H. L. Marsh, D. Shannon, F. Franco, J. Sullivan, James Anthony, Benjamin Easton, Thomas Curtis, Patrick Coffey, Peter Gersgity. Tables—B. F. Tanner, J. D. Johnston, R. J. Curry, R. W. Keeler, W. Burbridge, W. Moffitt, Thomas Lucas, Robert Smith, M. A. McCormick, W. Kerr, Thomas Reagan, Arthur Holly, Stephen Shea, Walter Dings, James Graham, Duncan McLeod, M. Kirby, Alexander Nichol, Thomas Moon, James Darling, A. McAdam, A. H. Hammett. Rockweed and Stones—M. J. Corcoran, Thomas Priest, John Mack, W. Smith, Henry Munson, John Reardon, James T. O'Connell, Lewis Glynn, John Shiras, James Harrington, W. Luth. Ustensils—Harry A. Tins, W. K. Covell, W. B. Scott, John K. Walsh, W. Sullivan, Angus McLeod, Peter King, L. W. Coudray, W. Lays, L. Hays, W. Tuck, Benjamin Weaver, J. H. Clements, Harry D. DeBolis. Refreshments—E. Voigt, James Deniston, John Alexander, Peter Faerber, Edward Clarke, Winifred Baxter, F. H. Morgan, Charles H. Sullivan, James H. Drury, J. Robinson, S. Weiss, Thomas C. Albino, M. Kelly, D. P. Burke, H. Smith, Charles J. Beattie, W. A. Hanley, J. H. Brown, B. Fogarty, A. Enhardt, John Parker, Lewis Raymond, Michael Murphy, D. J. Buckley, George Brown, W. Peterson, M. S. Horgan, Robert Martin, J. J. Sullivan, M. J. Kearney, Richard Bishop, Richardson & Tilley, H. Zeldman, F. Richardson, Thomas Martin. Decorations of Tables and Lot-

The Newport Districts.

The commission to divide the State into districts for the purpose of electing representatives to the General Assembly under the new law, have completed their labor and their report is now before the two judiciary committees of the Legislature. The commission has divided Newport into five districts required, following the present ward boundaries to some extent. As the law requires the districts to be as nearly equal as possible in population there are of course considerable changes from the ward lines. The re-adjustment of the lines is regarded as fair and equitable and it is probable that this division will be adopted by the city for its ward lines. Such action is advisable as tending to prevent almost endless confusion. The Newport districts are arranged as follows: First district: The line runs through the center of the Troling Station road, Third street, Dyre, Farewell, Rutgers, Halsey, Van Zandt avenue, Tilly avenue, Gould street, Warner, Thames, Bridge, to the harbor line and back to the point of beginning. Second district: Following the Middletown line at Coddington's cove to the Waterworks road, through Prairie avenue, Kay, Cranston avenue, Broadway, Oak, West Broadway, Edward, Covell, Sanford, Thames, Warner, Gould, Tilly avenue, Van Zandt, Halsey, Rutgers, Farewell, Dyre, Third, Training Station road and along the shore of the bay to the place of beginning. Third district: Following the Middletown line at Waterworks road to the line of Old Beach road, Mill street, Market square, Newman's wharf, harbor line to Bridge street, Thames, Sanford, Covell, Edwards, West Broadway, Oak, Broadway, Cranston avenue, Kay, Prairie avenue, Waterworks road. Fourth district: Middletown line from Old Beach road to Atlantic Ocean to the line of Bellevue avenue, to Perry street, Spring, Pope, harbor line, Newman's wharf, Market square, Mill street, Old Beach road. Fifth district: All that southern part of the city outside the line of the fourth district. Mr. George Lee Peabody whose engagement to Miss Edith Deacon was announced some weeks ago, has been seriously ill at a hospital in Beverly, Mass. He suffered a brain stroke a few weeks ago while playing tennis at the Newport Casino and since that time has been ill. Mr. Albert W. Jack, who died in Rochester, N. Y., on July 20, was a native of Newport, being the youngest son of the late Samuel and Frances S. Jack. He was the vice president of the Star Headlight Company of Rochester. He was in his sixty-ninth year. At the lawn fete held recently on the grounds of Mrs. William Grosvenor for the benefit of St. Mary's Orphanage of Providence more than \$3000 was realized, this being one of the most successful affairs ever held in Newport. At the annual meeting of the Newport Fishing Club held on Saturday of last week at Gooseberry Island, Mr. George B. Do Forest was re-elected president and General J. Fred Pierson secretary and treasurer. The vessels of the New York Yacht Club are expected in this harbor on their annual cruise Saturday afternoon. They will remain over Sunday and the annual cup races will be held off here next week. Mrs. Mills, wife of Mr. Robert Mills of this city, will go to Europe in a few weeks to testify at the trial of Dr. Crippen who is charged with the murder of his wife who was a half-sister of Mrs. Mills. MIDDLETOWN. While the strawberry and raspberry crops were far below the average this year, there are blackberries, blueberries and huckleberries in abundance. Not especially on this island but on the islands of Conanicut and Prudence. Many parties have gone from Middletown as well as individuals, and have still left berries in plenty after picking all day. To judge from the island tree there are likely to be few here this season. By invitation of Goldcrest Grange, No. 44, of Davisville, the annual Field Day of the Rhode Island State Grange will be held in Essex Grove, two miles south of East Greenwich, on Thursday, August 25. The speakers will include grangers of National reputation. Goldcrest Grange will serve dinner. The grove is easily accessible by electric and the field day held here two years ago was unusually successful and enjoyable. An excellent clambake was served on that occasion. Mr. Leslie P. Thompson of Boston has had an exhibition at St. George's School the past two weeks, an attractive exhibit of oil paintings. They include portraits and landscapes, some 27 in all, and were painted both here and abroad. The extended application of crude oil to the roads of Middletown is proving of decided advantage not only in protecting the roads but in making travel much pleasanter. As August is such a busy month with every one it was voted at the last meeting of Aquidneck Grange to omit the first meeting in the month which will be August 11th of next week.

Board of Aldermen.

At the regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening there was considerable business transacted. Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows: Board of Health, \$11,458.75; Books, stationery and printing, \$241.45; City Asylum, \$523.83; Fire department, \$107.83; Incinerator, \$17.15; Lighting streets, \$3,203.37; Burial grounds, \$2.00; Cemetery, \$2.00; Indexing and preserving records, \$57.75; Newport sick, \$184.00; Touro Jewish Synagogue fund, \$101.61; Dog fund, \$22.25; Police, \$126.33; Poor department, \$127.63; Public buildings, \$1,257.92; Public parks, \$6,044.42; Public schools, \$8,084.02; Public schools, for playgrounds, \$102.00; Streets and highways, \$102.76; \$30,551.07. The monthly report of the street commissioner was received. The application of Henry Miller for a license to peddle jewelry was laid over to the next meeting. The contract between the city and the Newport Hospital for the care of advanced cases of tuberculosis was presented to the board, and was referred to a committee consisting of Aldermen Mahoney and Albino to consider a minor amendment. The matter of repairs to the Van Zandt avenue bridge was referred back to the street commissioner, as the lowest bidder would not accept the contract on account of the increase in the cost of lumber. There was considerable talk about a new dumping ground in the southern part of the city, but no action was taken. After some talk about the Washington street boulevard, the street commissioner was directed to prepare the proper papers providing for an abandonment of that portion of the road through the Hunter property, in accordance with a request of the navy department. Receivers Discharged. The Newport and Wickford Railroad and Steamboat Company is a thing of the past. For some time it has been defunct but the final step to close up the accounts was taken this week when the receivers appeared before Judge Baker and presented their final account. They were discharged and their bonds were released. The property of the old company is now owned by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and the New England Navigation Company. Inasmuch as the city's investment of \$50,000 in the original company was more for the sake of the establishing this means of access to Newport, and as the present owners are now operating the line fully as well as under the old management, it is difficult to see how the city of Newport is any worse off than it was before, except for the fact that \$50,000 has been removed from its assets. The line is a valuable one to Newport and always has been. As long as it is in operation, it matters little to the city of Newport as to who holds the title to it. The various life saving stations on the Rhode Island coast went into commission on Monday after the crew had had a two months' vacation. The department is conducted on the theory that the months of June and July are sufficiently settled to be free from danger. In the main this is true but the number of small yachts that are knocking around sometimes demands the services of a life saving crew and in that case there is generally no difficulty in finding a volunteer crew, although it sometimes takes time. Mr. Charles A. Palmer, a well known resident of Newport, died on Wednesday evening, after a long illness. He was employed for many years by J. W. Horton & Co., and was a competent and efficient workman. He was a member of Weenat Shashit Tribe of Red Men and also of the fire department, being a hoseman with No. 5 Company. He was a son of Mr. Ben G. Palmer and is survived by a widow, two sisters and a brother. He was very highly esteemed by all who knew him. A carriage containing four women and a baby was damaged by an automobile in Portsmouth on Thursday. Without waiting to see the result of the accident the auto sped by and made its escape for a time. None of the party in the carriage were injured seriously, although the baby was somewhat bruised. The occupants of the carriage were Mrs. Harry Tallman of Portsmouth and a number of friends. The police expect to apprehend the party in the auto. Mr. J. Allen Boone, formerly of this city, is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. He is resting at Atlantic City for a time.

The Newport Districts.

The commission to divide the State into districts for the purpose of electing representatives to the General Assembly under the new law, have completed their labor and their report is now before the two judiciary committees of the Legislature. The commission has divided Newport into five districts required, following the present ward boundaries to some extent. As the law requires the districts to be as nearly equal as possible in population there are of course considerable changes from the ward lines. The re-adjustment of the lines is regarded as fair and equitable and it is probable that this division will be adopted by the city for its ward lines. Such action is advisable as tending to prevent almost endless confusion. The Newport districts are arranged as follows: First district: The line runs through the center of the Troling Station road, Third street, Dyre, Farewell, Rutgers, Halsey, Van Zandt avenue, Tilly avenue, Gould street, Warner, Thames, Bridge, to the harbor line and back to the point of beginning. Second district: Following the Middletown line at Coddington's cove to the Waterworks road, through Prairie avenue, Kay, Cranston avenue, Broadway, Oak, West Broadway, Edward, Covell, Sanford, Thames, Warner, Gould, Tilly avenue, Van Zandt, Halsey, Rutgers, Farewell, Dyre, Third, Training Station road and along the shore of the bay to the place of beginning. Third district: Following the Middletown line at Waterworks road to the line of Old Beach road, Mill street, Market square, Newman's wharf, harbor line to Bridge street, Thames, Sanford, Covell, Edwards, West Broadway, Oak, Broadway, Cranston avenue, Kay, Prairie avenue, Waterworks road. Fourth district: Middletown line from Old Beach road to Atlantic Ocean to the line of Bellevue avenue, to Perry street, Spring, Pope, harbor line, Newman's wharf, Market square, Mill street, Old Beach road. Fifth district: All that southern part of the city outside the line of the fourth district. Mr. George Lee Peabody whose engagement to Miss Edith Deacon was announced some weeks ago, has been seriously ill at a hospital in Beverly, Mass. He suffered a brain stroke a few weeks ago while playing tennis at the Newport Casino and since that time has been ill. Mr. Albert W. Jack, who died in Rochester, N. Y., on July 20, was a native of Newport, being the youngest son of the late Samuel and Frances S. Jack. He was the vice president of the Star Headlight Company of Rochester. He was in his sixty-ninth year. At the lawn fete held recently on the grounds of Mrs. William Grosvenor for the benefit of St. Mary's Orphanage of Providence more than \$3000 was realized, this being one of the most successful affairs ever held in Newport. At the annual meeting of the Newport Fishing Club held on Saturday of last week at Gooseberry Island, Mr. George B. Do Forest was re-elected president and General J. Fred Pierson secretary and treasurer. The vessels of the New York Yacht Club are expected in this harbor on their annual cruise Saturday afternoon. They will remain over Sunday and the annual cup races will be held off here next week. Mrs. Mills, wife of Mr. Robert Mills of this city, will go to Europe in a few weeks to testify at the trial of Dr. Crippen who is charged with the murder of his wife who was a half-sister of Mrs. Mills. MIDDLETOWN. While the strawberry and raspberry crops were far below the average this year, there are blackberries, blueberries and huckleberries in abundance. Not especially on this island but on the islands of Conanicut and Prudence. Many parties have gone from Middletown as well as individuals, and have still left berries in plenty after picking all day. To judge from the island tree there are likely to be few here this season. By invitation of Goldcrest Grange, No. 44, of Davisville, the annual Field Day of the Rhode Island State Grange will be held in Essex Grove, two miles south of East Greenwich, on Thursday, August 25. The speakers will include grangers of National reputation. Goldcrest Grange will serve dinner. The grove is easily accessible by electric and the field day held here two years ago was unusually successful and enjoyable. An excellent clambake was served on that occasion. Mr. Leslie P. Thompson of Boston has had an exhibition at St. George's School the past two weeks, an attractive exhibit of oil paintings. They include portraits and landscapes, some 27 in all, and were painted both here and abroad. The extended application of crude oil to the roads of Middletown is proving of decided advantage not only in protecting the roads but in making travel much pleasanter. As August is such a busy month with every one it was voted at the last meeting of Aquidneck Grange to omit the first meeting in the month which will be August 11th of next week.

Virginia of the Air Lanes

A ROMANCE OF
FLYING

By
Herbert Quick

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CHAPTER XVII.

A BATTLE FOR THE AIR.

W HAT is the business, Mr. Craighead, of the Universal Nitrate and Air Products company?"

Mr. Craighead, looking down into Broadway from the window of his office, turned to the group of reporters. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are cross Roman soldiers. I am Archimedes making calculations, and instead of allowing him to equate his equations you jangle him with questions. Tell the journalist Marcell who sent you that Ark won't be disturbed!"

"But about the Universal Nitrate and Air Products company," said a fat man with perpetually poised pencil, "and its connection with the aeronaut company?"

"Merely fortuitous," replied Craighead. "The aeronaut company is an ephemeral agency for profit—and I scorn it!"

"But you are a director?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" replied Craighead. "But the greater things had not occurred to me when I went into it. I was ill. I was under a charm. I was idealizing in that reaction which results in the product known as tungstate of alcoholism or magalo-conversion. A natural monopolist, General Theodore Carson, M. A., took advantage of my weakness and got me into it. Honor rooted in dishonor stands, and faith unfaithful keeps me falsely true, and I stay with him in his fight with Aerostatic Power. Then I shall give my whole attention to the Universal Nitrate and Air Products company which is to the Carson-Craighead aeronaut as the rings of Saturn to those of a faro bank. And, to originate a phrase, that's going some!"

"You're really good, Mr. Craighead," said a girl reporter, "and if the tungstate of your alcoholic days was worse than this you ought to have taken something for it."

"I tried to," confessed Craighead, "but Dr. Witherspoon expelled me!"

"But here's the situation as we get it. If we're wrong, we'll stay wrong unless you set us right."

"Oh, cursed spite!" roared Craighead. "No more tungstate, if you please," said the young woman. "The Air Products company was a wildest looking West Virginia formation to—here she read from a clipping—"to extract free nitrogen from the air by the Craighead method or otherwise, for the purpose of obtaining fertilizers to thereby increase the capacity of the earth for supporting population!"

"Is that," cried he frantically, "in our articles? Then all is lost! Let me take it!"

With shaking hand Craighead took down the telephone and asked for Mr. Filley.

"This you, Filley?" he queried. "Here's something that rules us. A split infinitive in the articles. Won't you anything? Won't have to be done over? And we call ourselves civilized!"

Craighead handed the paper back. "You have shocked me," said he. "But never mind, dearie! I know not whether to rejoice for the Air Products company or weep for institutions that allow such a solecism to be legal as 'to thereby increase.'"

"Well," said the reporter, "it goes on to say 'and for securing all rights in the atmosphere necessary for its complete reduction to possession for the production of nitrates, ozones and all other atmospheric derivatives and for the securing of exclusive rights in the air over lands for all purposes whatsoever.' Now, that," said she, "for all purposes whatsoever, isn't that pretty broad?"

"A broad intellect composed it!"

"These rights happen—merely happen—to griddle every state in squares marked by grants and leases to the Air Products company?"

"My child," said Craighead, "do you understand the Craighead method of extracting nitrates from the atmosphere by spontaneous discharges of static electricity from electrodes suspended over the earth's surface?"

"No," she said. "Do you?"

"It is one of my specialties," said he. "If I might have you all to myself for an evening I would explain, but for the once by—by!"

Mr. Craighead took much pleasure in his position as press representative of the Carson-Craighead Aeronaut company. The Virginia, her builder and the contest with Aerostatic Power were matters on which the great dailies had men at work night and day. This visit to the neighborhood of Shayne's Hold was a tantalizing mystery. The mountain inn where the Virginia had been laid up for repairs had been visited by reporters and the impossibility of surface communication between it and Shayne's Hold pointed out. The mysterious Craighead had leased for the Aeronaut corporation the vacant aerodrome on the roof of this very building, gone back to the inn, whence the Virginia had sailed to their leased roof within an hour, and not by Shayne's Hold, after which Craighead was the news center from which emanated the most astounding medley of scientific, psychologic, mystical and mystifying news ever heard.

"Then some one discovered that on

the day the Carson-Craighead company had been formed the Universal Nitrate and Air Products company was born, with directors and stockholders identical with those of the Aeronaut company, and that they had spent a great campaign fund in getting leases and grants for the extraction from the atmosphere of nitrates and the like in lines like those of Scotch plaid all over the continent. The air over almost every highway had been granted away by the owners of the fee—the very streets of New York being covered so far as to cut the city into nearly a hundred irregular blocks. The other great cities were similarly gridironed. The space over the smaller rivers and streams was mostly sold to the Air Products company. The mystery in this so stimulated curiosity that it caused more excitement than the Virginia herself, for these seemingly worthless rights over fumes, streams, roads and streets were like a huge spider's web spun as a net over the world—Europe and Asia as well as America. Some one with great resources was up to something big. Something was to be caught in the net—but what?

Craighead and Carson dined with Mr. Filley, Mr. Waddy's personal representative, a little man with a great, scantly thatched head and no body who ate lobster and green turtle soup and drank port and grew paler every day.

"When shall we know?" asked Theodore.

"Soon," replied Filley. "We'll cover the whole country with injunctions this afternoon and get a hearing here in a few days. In a very few weeks we shall win the greatest legal triumph of recent times—or snuffed out!"

That night began the series of sensations that made so memorable the war for the use of the air. In the courts of every federal district and the state courts of West Virginia Mr. Filley filed his injunction suits against the owner of every known airship and by the clause used in labor disputes bound all persons, whether named or not, who might with the defendants or independently design trespass against the plaintiff's rights.

The bill in New York recited that the plaintiff was the owner of all rights of navigation in the air in certain described belts or bands surrounding the city of New York, dividing it into portions, and gridironing the continent; that the defendants had in the past habitually trespassed on these by flying over them in airships; that the passage to or from the city of New York over the sea, the river or other route was impossible save by such trespass, and therefore injunction was asked prohibiting the defendants, their servants and all other persons from departing from or coming to the said city of New York through the air owned by the plaintiff or from navigating any aerial craft across, over or through the real property of the plaintiff where-soever situated.

Finley Shayne's name led the list of defendants, followed by that of the Aerostatic Power company, and page after page of names of people owning aerial craft, and airships everywhere were included in by the "real property" of the plaintiff, like walrus frozen in the ice. The "real property" was that wonderful spider's web of grants, and the plaintiff was the Universal Nitrate and Air Products company! Craighead's opium dream was explained. The relation between the twin companies was disclosed. Two perfectly well known legal principles were here united in an audacious attempt to monopolize the air, the rights attaching to ownership of land and that of injunction to prevent trespass or nuisance.

Public and press were struck with amazement. The unthinking laughed at the unheard of and preposterous claim to private control of the atmosphere. Lawyers began poring over cases dealing with rights in and over land, with growing dubiety as to the outcome of the case of the "Universal Nitrate and Air Products company versus Shayne et al."

When the case came on to be heard the laugh had disappeared, the very army of lawyers appearing for the defendant rendering it a serious matter. Craighead sat in court with Filley, his hair rumpled, his crooked nose high, in a suit of legal black, drawing more attention than did Carson, whose face, bleached of the gulf beach tan, had assumed the pallor of the scholar, while vast responsibilities had been imparting to him an atmosphere of disjunction. He sat scanning the people of the defense—Shayne, Silberberg and other great financial figures.

While the pleadings and affidavits were read Craighead sketched the bailiffs, shuffled his feet and drummed on the table until the court tapped for silence.

"We will hear from the plaintiff," said Justice McFadden, "and as the facts seem practically undisputed—"

"But, your honor," protested the counsel for the defendants, "we certainly do not admit!"

"For present purposes," replied the justice, "the showing seems ample that plaintiff owns certain rights in lands so distributed that the defendants must pass over them in going from place to place; that the defendants have habitually done so and that the situation constitutes a threat that this will be repeated. The defendants by claiming the right to pass these lines confess this for present purposes. We will therefore hear from plaintiff's counsel on the law."

Mr. Filley gathered up his papers, but, with a professional sounding, "May it please the court" that dumfounded Filley and drew from the justice a request for the gentleman's name, Craighead rose.

"Craighead," said he in response to the court's query, "I will offer a few remarks on the law and then yield to my learned colleague, who will lay before your honors the feeble attempts of the courts to crystallize it in precedents. The law is fully as plain as the nose on the face of the most Roman of your honors. As to its righteousness, it is as moral as landownership. That it has not heretofore been applied has

been owing to the stupidity or the legal profession, to the selfishness of landowners and to the fact that the law is so plain, for that which is all around ever remains undetected, like the pressure of the atmosphere or the picture with trees and clouds representing faces of animals. And as when once the cat in the landscape is seen the landscape fades, and one can see nothing but the cat, so in this case when the law became plain plain your honors will be able to see nothing else. We are taking the liberty of unsealing the blind eyes of the courts."

Mr. Filley was outraged at the effrontery of this undisciplined actor in thus taking the scene, but to make a disturbance now would be worse than to let him go on, and Mr. Filley sat down frowning and hoping that Craighead's offense might escape discovery.

"Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad coelum," went on Craighead, "is the maxim on which we stand, the meaning of which has been decided in hundreds of cases and, strange to say, is still clear—He who owns land owns to the sky. He has as much moral right to the sky as to the surface. The man with a deed to a square mile of the surface of this planet under this law owns a great pyramid, apexing at the earth's center and extending out into space in diverging lines infinitely, so that if he can show that these lines of boundary take in Mars and her canals he would have a perfect case against the Martians for rent of fields and tolls over waterways if he could get service and bring the defendants into court."

"Land! Land! The mystic word that rules the world! The woman who ejaculates 'Good land!' conjures by a thing more potent than all the gods of Olympus."

"The air above our land is a part of it. You know it. Why else have you recognized Istener's appeal, 100 Pennsylvania state, as good law? What was that case? A bay window many feet above the sidewalk was declared a nuisance because it jutted out into the air that was a part of the street. And see also Bybee versus the state, 94 Indiana. You hang your cornice or string a wire in my air and I will hale you into court. Don't presume to fly a kite over my land except by my consent; you have no right. And remember that the city of Cleveland was molested in the sum of \$50,000 for swinging a bridge a few times a day a hundred feet above an inch strip of land."

"How much more am I damned by the airship, which may drop a monkey wrench, a spanner, a gob of bal-last or a casual remark into my privacy? Aeronauts will fall into the rural silo, drag ropes will rip up barbed wire, and Pyramus and Thisbe in their Arcadian wooing may be smothered under falling gas bags or torn asunder by dragging anchors inserted in their fluttering hearts! I shudder, your honors, at what may happen when the air is populous with flying jiggers, pop-popping about, raining ballast and wine bottles and bacon rinds and stale innuendos and hot coffee and soft boiled eggs and lobster a la Newburg on a lost and undone republic, and when I shudder persons of ordinary sensitiveness fly into fragments with the shivers, for I am no light and habitual shudderer."

"I have spoken in my weak way of what might make a landholder unwilling to have his air used as a highway. But he doesn't have to give a reason—he can show his deed and tell the whole world to go to—the captain's office and settle. Your honors, I adjure you to cling to your unbroken precedents and uphold property, on which society is based. To say that we do not own these strips of land, but only rights in the air, is foolishness of the dampest sort. The landowner may sell the surface and keep the minerals or sell the mineral rights down to China and keep the surface. Our grantors owned and sold these rights to us. It is slanderous to say that we have horns-woggled to coin a phrase—the farmers by promising cheap nitrates by the Craighead method. It is my intention to take a few moments some day to perfect the Craighead method and begin to extract nitrogen, but that is another narrative. The point is that we've got those rights. We have what nobody ever had before—the proof that defendants pass over our lands, because they have to. Nobody else ever had hands humming in everybody. We have. This makes our proof simply plain, and we call upon you to protect us in the name of the law of landownership, on which every government in all the world is founded."

"They say we seek to enslave travelers. This absurdity applies as forcibly to surface rights or mines. If the traveler can't pay our scale let him go by public highways or by boat or rail—or stay at home. We anticipate that rights to air navigation will become more and more valuable. We expect to charge whatever the situation makes possible. This is as moral as increasing rent for lands. We shall grant leases or not, as we please. We may demand title to all patents on airship inventions before allowing them to be used, thus applying the rules you and your predecessors have so wisely laid down, 'He who owns land owns to the sky.' How beautiful the principle! What a stimulus to enterprise it offers—in cornering space! Our getting of these rights may be a horse on Mr. Shayne, but the rules of the game—and what a game it is, your honors—give us the pot. The costs constitute the kitty."

Justice McFadden tapped on the desk, and Craighead paused.

"Your language, Mr. Craighead," said he, "is unusual, though your points seem well taken."

"You're on!" ejaculated Craighead. "You're on! In fact, to speak grammatically, 'You're on, your honor; you're honest!'"

A bailiff interrupted by handing a note to the astonished court.

"Mr. Craighead," said Justice McFadden, "it is suggested that you are not a licensed practitioner of this bar or at any other. This extraordinary address of yours leads the court to doubt. What is the fact? I thought I recognized you as a member of this

bar. Have we not met?"

"Your honor," said Craighead, "suggested language under me."

"Language!" roared the justice. "When?"

"I was your teacher in English and drawing," replied Craighead, "in Schlosser's billiard parlors—English and drawing, with luctual instruction in the use of the globe; also drawing, the mouse and the follow!"

"Remove him from the bar, Mr. Bailiff!" thundered the court. "Take him to jail!"

"Stung—in the same old aching spot!" cried Craighead. "Still the great uncalled! But know ye, proud judges, I have been expelled from worse places than this! What harm have I done ye? Filley, get me out of this!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALONE ON AN ISLAND IN AIR.

THE bailiff, a tottering old functionary with a white mustache of Bismarckian fierceness, warily held a turtorial claw on Craighead's sleeve.

"Amateur day in court?" he hissed in the bailiff's ear. "The look! The look! I go, but my logic sticks! Stone walls do not!"

Mr. Filley here interposed to such effect that Craighead was freed, expelled and set free. Mr. Filley's masterly address was based on the law laid down by Craighead, reference to which finally evoked a smile from the justices. In a week an injunction was issued as prayed. The airships of the whole nation were tied up; the Universal Nitrate and Air Products company made the Carson-Craighead Aeronaut company its sole licensee; the Carson aeronauts were the only flying machines which could be used; the law of real property was vindicated; Aerostatic Power dropped to nominal prices; Craighead was suddenly recognized as the most overshadowing genius legal strategy had ever known; Carson stood high in finance and diplomacy; the factories for manufacturing flying machines were offered to him at his own terms, payable in Carson-Craighead stocks; thousands of men were put to work on the Carson aeronauts; the Waddy family began to occupy space in newspapers and magazines; the world of finance whirled about and readjusted itself to the explosion—all of which took time.

And in the midst of the first excitement the following item appeared in a newspaper:

A bizarre result of the McFadden decision is the marooning of Mr. Finley Shayne, erstwhile prince of the powers of the air, at Shayne's Hold, where the Roc was enjoined. There is no egress from the hold save by airship. The Carson crowd has the air rights surrounding the mountain, and Mr. Shayne and his family have no means of getting away except by violating the injunctions.

No craft save the Carson aeronaut, the Virginia, can go to them or anywhere, and Mr. Shayne will starve rather than allow her to land. This sounds like a joke, but Mr. Shayne takes it seriously. The castaways are Mr. and Mrs. Shayne, Miss Suarez and Mr. Max Silberberg.

Carson approached Craighead with this paper, his finger pointing to the item. Craighead read it with glee.

"When Shayne has eaten the last poisoned rat," said he, "and worn his knees raw snoring rattlesnakes off the cliff for food I'll go to him and say:

"I have spoken in my weak way of what might make a landholder unwilling to have his air used as a highway. But he doesn't have to give a reason—he can show his deed and tell the whole world to go to—the captain's office and settle. Your honors, I adjure you to cling to your unbroken precedents and uphold property, on which society is based. To say that we do not own these strips of land, but only rights in the air, is foolishness of the dampest sort. The landowner may sell the surface and keep the minerals or sell the mineral rights down to China and keep the surface. Our grantors owned and sold these rights to us. It is slanderous to say that we have horns-woggled to coin a phrase—the farmers by promising cheap nitrates by the Craighead method. It is my intention to take a few moments some day to perfect the Craighead method and begin to extract nitrogen, but that is another narrative. The point is that we've got those rights. We have what nobody ever had before—the proof that defendants pass over our lands, because they have to. Nobody else ever had hands humming in everybody. We have. This makes our proof simply plain, and we call upon you to protect us in the name of the law of landownership, on which every government in all the world is founded."

"I have spoken in my weak way of what might make a landholder unwilling to have his air used as a highway. But he doesn't have to give a reason—he can show his deed and tell the whole world to go to—the captain's office and settle. Your honors, I adjure you to cling to your unbroken precedents and uphold property, on which society is based. To say that we do not own these strips of land, but only rights in the air, is foolishness of the dampest sort. The landowner may sell the surface and keep the minerals or sell the mineral rights down to China and keep the surface. Our grantors owned and sold these rights to us. It is slanderous to say that we have horns-woggled to coin a phrase—the farmers by promising cheap nitrates by the Craighead method. It is my intention to take a few moments some day to perfect the Craighead method and begin to extract nitrogen, but that is another narrative. The point is that we've got those rights. We have what nobody ever had before—the proof that defendants pass over our lands, because they have to. Nobody else ever had hands humming in everybody. We have. This makes our proof simply plain, and we call upon you to protect us in the name of the law of landownership, on which every government in all the world is founded."

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LIFTING THE SCALP

An Art Not Confined to the North American Indian.

ALLIED TO HEAD HUNTING.

Some Indians Removed the Skin of the Entire Head, Including the Hair and Beard, of Their Victim—Ears and Hands Also Served For Trophies.

The art of scalping has declined owing to the severe pains and penalties dealt out to its practitioners in the various states of North America. It was in a certain sense a product of European settlement, for it would never have become so widespread had it not been for the white man.

Scalping is commonly considered a custom belonging exclusively to the North American Indian. This is a mistake. It is found in South America, and Herodotus mentions it as having been practiced among the Scythians. But as the old Greek traveler's book was not published until 1502 it is probable that scalping appeared to the early explorers of America as a new thing. It was first described by Francisco de Orellana, who in 1520 came across it in his ill fated expedition to Pannoco. He found that the Indians removed the skin of the entire head, including the hair and beard. In 1535 Jacques Cartier wrote an account of a scalping party which is more typical of the custom as usually found. From this time on it is described by many writers, notably Captain John Smith and Champlain.

The Indians themselves were uncertain as to the use of keeping an enemy's scalp, except that they felt it would hurt him in some way. Some said it put him in the power of the owner of the scalp, others that it banished him from the happy hunting grounds, while still others believed that it annihilated him.

In the opinion of George Frederic, whose monograph may be consulted in the Smithsonian Institution report of 1903, scalping is a modification of head hunting, a practice indulged in by many savages. There is a primitive notion that the possession of a token or portion of a man gives one a power over that man. To keep the head of an enemy puts him in your power, the savage thinks. But it is often inconvenient to carry so large a thing as a head. A smaller token is therefore substituted. This statement would seem to be borne out by the following facts:

Many American Indians did not follow the practice of scalping, notably those of the north, adjoining the Eskimo, the Fraser river Indians, and the Algonquins of New Jersey. Nearly all of these practiced head hunting. A transition period is represented by the Ojibbos of Texas, where the men took the scalps and the women at a more convenient period collected the heads. Some tribes in California secured, instead of scalps, the eyes of their enemies, which were preserved in some way, while others in Mexico selected the ears for their trophy, probably following the lead of the Spaniards, who lopped off ears as punishment for crime.

The Hudson river Indians used to preserve heads, probably in imitation of the Dutch, who in the so called Esopus war gave a bounty for Indian heads. Around the sources of the Missouri the Lewis and Clark expedition found the custom of preserving scalps replaced by that of preserving fingers.

In northern Mexico the custom of scalping prevailed, but toward the south it was replaced by head hunting. In South America there are two localities where it still flourishes. One of these is northern Argentina and Paraguay, where it gives signs of being indigenous, as it differs in many ways from the practice of North America. It is also found around Guiana, probably introduced by the Indian slaves brought from Florida.

The Huron-Iroquois have been accredited with the invention of scalping, but unless it arose independently in several places it much more likely originated in Florida, where it was first discovered by Europeans. Contact with a higher grade of culture gave a tremendous impetus to the custom.

Previous to the Spanish discovery the weapons of the Indians had been very simple, being manufactured from stone, bones, shells or even reeds. The tribes were, though numerous, were seldom bloody, and with such primitive means the braves found it both awkward and dangerous to remove the scalp of a fallen enemy.

But the Europeans brought with them firearms and iron knives. The former increased a hundredfold the number of those killed in battle, while the latter made the process of scalping an easy one. Besides this, the whites encouraged the custom by offering bounties for scalps.

The first premium of this nature was offered in 1637 by the Puritans, who gave a payment for every Indian head, the custom of scalping not having yet reached New England. But by the time of King Philip's war it was in full blast, and in 1675 the Connecticut legislature offered large prizes for scalps. One Hannah Dustin received £50 and other substantial gifts for having secured with her own hands the scalps of two Indian men, two women and six children.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Sure Way.

There are several methods whereby pickpockets may be avoided on crowded street cars, but the surest way is to keep your money in the bank in your wife's name.—Kansas City Star.

True Charges.

She—Did you see where some man declares that women are not honest? He—Well, he's right in saying so. She (fiercely)—When did you ever know me to do a dishonest thing? He (tenderly)—When you robbed me of my peace of mind and stole my heart, you dear little thief.—New York World.

ANGLERS' FLIES.

The Earth Ransacked For Feathers and Hair to Make Them.

There are trout and salmon fishers who pay several thousand dollars a year for the "flies" alone. Few persons can turn to the artificial flies—knitting hairs that can hardly be seen—so the skilled fly maker commands high wages. The materials, too, are costly, for the earth is ransacked for feathers and hairs, and one hair wrong makes "all the difference."

The business done in mouse whiskers is considerable, for they are used in the making of a wonderful fly, the "gray knot," and they are expensive, costing nearly 2 cents a whisker. Trout rise much better at mouse whisker flies than at the same "gnat" dressed in junglecock hackles, which look much like them.

Bears' eyebrows, being stiff and exactly the right shade, are used in a fly that has killed quantities of salmon. These eyebrows come from the Himalayan brown bear and cost about \$1.50 a set.

There are agents all over the world searching tropical forests for the right birds to supply fly hackles. One of the most sought after skins is that of the rare "green screamer," an African bird about the size of a hen, which has a tiny bunch of feathers on each shoulder that is worth \$15 a bunch to the fly maker. One of these birds supplies only feathers enough to make rigs for half a dozen flies.

There is no limit to the enthusiasm of an artistic fly tier, who will use hair from his own eyelashes to finish off an "extra special" fly. Bables' hair is much sought after if it is of the right shade—golden yellow—for all the lighter salmon flies, and one curl will make a dozen first class flies.

It takes an expert only fifteen minutes to turn out a fly which consists of a tiny hook with wings of Egyptian dove feather, legs of fox hair and a body of mouse fur wound around with a thread of yellow silk. A carelessly made fly will have neither legs nor "feelers," but the true expert adds the legs and puts on a pair of long "feelers" of cat hair, while at the tips. All these fly details will be exactly in their places and so firmly tied to the hook that the fly will take half a dozen strong fish and be none the worse.—Chicago Tribune.

A GAMBLER'S RING.

When Its Owner Deals the Cards Are an Open Book.

A curious ring seen recently, is one that belongs to a gambler, one of the most famous card players in the United States. It is a heavy gold band of fair and is exactly five-eighths of an inch wide. Running around the band in such a way as to completely circle it is a row of five small signets. Each one of these is worked in gold in the form of a shield. These shields are polished on their surface and bear no marking of any sort.

Inside the ring and grooved into its outer circle is another gold circle. When the ring is put on the operator's finger by a slight movement it is possible to slide the outside band around on the inner one. The instant this is done from under one of the small shields appears a minute mirror. This mirror is a scant quarter inch in diameter.

When the operator sits in at a game of cards he wears the ring on the little finger of his right hand.

When he slides the cards off the pack as he deals this little mirror comes directly under the card that is being dealt. The dealer, looking down at his hands as he deals, sees each card as it comes off the pack. He knows each card that he has dealt and exactly who has the card.

As the dealer puts the pack down by a movement either slow or fast it is a perfectly simple matter to give the ring a slight rub, sliding it back into its original position. The mirror, even when it is exposed, is always on the inside of the hand and concealed from every one. After long practice it is possible to pull every card off the pack in such a manner that it will reflect in the exact center of the mirror.—Boston Post.

Back and Forth.

"There's one thing about you suburbanites that I never could understand," said the city crip.

"What is that?" queried the commuter.

"I've noticed time and again," continued the c. c., "that when you fellows reach town in the morning and again when you start for home in the evening you have a happy look. Now, why is it?"

"Oh, that's easily explained," replied the other. "After the day's work in the city we are always glad to get out of it, and after a night in the country we are always glad to get back."—Chicago News.

A Rude Intruder.

He was standing among his fellows, this lion of the salon of the independent Artists, telling what art and life meant to him, when he was approached by a matter of fact citizen, who wanted to know, "Can you tell me," he asked, looking straight into the eyes of the great man, "if these here darned pictures were done by real artists or just amateurs?"—Argonaut.

Rebuked.

Hoffman, the German physicist, arrived in Glasgow late one Saturday night and on Sunday morning went to call on Lord Kelvin. The doorbell was answered by a woman servant, whom Hoffman asked if Sir William was at home.

The servant answered, "Sir, he most certainly is not."

Hoffman then asked, "Could you tell me where I could find him?"

"Sir," she answered, "you will find him at church, where you ought to be!"

Opposition.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. It is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardships and opposition are the native soil of manhood and self reliance.—John Neal.

FOOTPRINTS OF GLACIERS.

They Present a Curious Problem For Future Generations.

The site of New York city was once buried under hundreds, possibly thousands, of feet of ice. Ample proof of this is found in many places on Manhattan Island, the most tangible being the "footprints" of glaciers. Examine the surface of the rocks in Central or Riverside park and you will find numerous peculiar marks.

These peculiar marks, called by geologists "striations," are the "footprints" of glaciers. They were produced by the grinding of pebbles upon the rock surfaces under the glaciers as the latter moved to the sea.

How long ago it was that glaciers flowed over Manhattan Island is a matter of uncertainty. The period has been variously estimated at from 5,000 to 20,000 years. The present trend of opinion is in favor of the smaller estimate. But, knowing as we do that the site of New York city was glaciated at a time remote or comparatively recent, the portentous question arises, Are the glaciers likely to descend on it again? No human means could arrest their irresistible advance. Palatial homes, towering skyscrapers, East river bridges, all the magnificent monuments of human achievement, would be ground into atoms and swept into the ocean.

Striations, or "footprints" of glaciers, are found from the highest northern and southern latitudes to the equator. Was the entire surface of the earth at one time covered with ice? Some geologists have taken that view, but the evidence does not warrant it.

That the earth has changed its axis from time to time and is still changing it is a fact well known to astronomers. It is conceivable, therefore, that in the course of ages, before the earth's crust assumed its present formation, the poles may once have been on the present equatorial line and the equatorial line where the poles now stand. By oscillation of the globe and consequent interchanging of polar and equatorial lines every part of the earth's surface must have been successively glaciated. Such a general lateral movement of the earth furnishes a reasonable explanation of the glacial "footprints" everywhere found.

The north is undoubtedly growing warmer. Some 500 years ago Alaska was still covered with glacial ice. Five hundred years from now there will scarcely be a glacier to be found there except in the highest mountains. "The next generation will find few of them with their fronts still in the sea," says Henry Gannett in "Dellenbaugh's 'North America of Yesterday.'" The present trend on the earth's axis is to push the north pole farther north. But the question is, How long will this movement continue in the present direction? It may continue until Greenland shall come again to have a temperate climate, or it may be reversed in the near future to bring the ice back to the destruction of great cities. This is a problem for posterity. The present generation need not lose any sleep over it. But some future generation may find itself confronting a serious condition.—William B. Simmons in New York World.

What Good Is Father?

Father has always been the "goat." It was always father who held the family from the achievement of its social ambitions. It was father who made blunders that put the family to shame. Father never would take to the new fashioned ideas. He was against the domination by the younger generation, against suffrage, against women's clubs, against the teaching of French to the children—in a word, a natural reactionary. It was but natural, therefore, that father should be generally known as a back number, useful only in bringing home money and writing checks.—Washington Post.

Eat Indian Monkeys.

A naturalist who has traveled in the East Indies says: The effect on the monkeys of man's appearance is most interesting. The expression of their emotions is certainly almost human as they sit and stare at him, coughing and snarling with anger and contempt, drawing back their heads and throwing the hand before the face with a gesture of abhorrence and other movements indicative of shocked and outraged feelings. But predominant is the expression of absolute horror, which coming from those we consider our still degraded cousins, is to our superiority very aggravating.

A Healthful Costume.

When the Fraser highlanders landed in North America in 1757, it was proposed to change the dress on account of the cold winters and hot summers. The officers successfully opposed this and were ultimately justified by the highlanders being the healthiest soldiers in the army. In the campaign in Holland in 1794 some regiments lost as many as 300 from disease, but the Black Watch, which had 300 recruits in its ranks, had only twenty-five casualties, including the killed in battle.

After the Carous.

First Reveler—I say, old man, your wife won't do a thing to you when she smells the whisky. Second Reveler—When I'm near her I hold my breath. First Reveler—You won't be able to. It's too strong.—Boston Transcript.

The Way It Goes.

"This is an odd way girls have of getting into society." "How is it odd?" "Why, to get in they first have to come out."—New York Journal.

Let him who would move the world first move himself.—Socrates.

An Unwelcome Discovery.

Post-I discovered today that Parker and I have a common ancestor. Mrs. Post (a Colonial Dame)—For goodness' sake don't tell any one!—Brooklyn Life.

In the hands of many wealth is like a tarp in the hoofs of an ass.—Martin Luther.

KEPT ON PRAYING.

The Mouse Chaplain Responded to the Journal Clerk's Appeal.

After a rather lengthy prayer by the chaplain of the house of representatives a veteran member said:

"The chaplain's prayer reminded me of the most amusing incident I ever saw during my entire service in the house of representatives. The incident occurred many years ago, so I have forgotten the names of the actors."

"One day the journal clerk rushed into the house while the chaplain was praying. He looked through the drawers of his desk in a hasty manner and then hurried to the side of the chaplain."

"Keep on praying," he urged earnestly. "We can't find the journal."

"Mr. Chaplain was so startled that he faltered in his prayer, but after a moment he seemed to grasp the situation. He bowed his head still lower and continued to pray. The usual time devoted to prayer in the house is about a minute. Members began to shift uneasily on their feet, to look at their watches, and, instead of bowing their heads in reverence, they looked at the speaker pleadingly. The speaker evidently had been informed of the difficulty, and, realizing that the business of the house could not proceed without the journal, he was willing the members should get plenty of prayer. After ten minutes' solid praying the preacher showed signs of getting nervous. He knew the members were getting restless, and he looked down to one of the clerks."

"Don't stop," pleaded the clerk. "We haven't found it yet!" "The preacher did not stop until he had been praying for fifteen minutes. At the end of which time the journal clerk rushed into the house bearing the precious book under his arm."

"Amen," said the chaplain, with a sigh of relief, and the speaker promptly ordered the clerk to read the journal of the preceding day's business."—Washington Times.

RAILROAD TRACKS.

If You Must Follow Them, Walk Outside, Not Between Them.

Two men, one young and the other grizzled with middle age, were walking beside the railroad track in a Boston suburb on their way to the nearest station. The younger stepped between the rails. "Better walk here," he advised. "It's better walking."

"No," replied the older man. "I never walk on the railroad track." "But we're facing the direction from which trains come," persisted the other. "It's safe." "My son," said the middle aged man, "I was a railroad engineer for more than twenty years, and if I learned one thing from the poor chaps I've seen picked up it was not to walk on a railroad track when there is a possibility of walking anywhere else. If the law stopped all trains running on Sunday and this was Sunday, I wouldn't do it. It's the fellow that's sure he's taking all the precautions that gets killed."

Here was a man who knew about railroads from intimate connection with them. His advice was the advice of a man who knew. Every railroad man of experience will say the same as he. In England the tracks are private property, and nobody is allowed to walk upon them, so accidents are rare. Here hardly a day passes that we do not read of men killed while making a thoroughfare of the railroad right of way. And usually it is noted that they were on the "safe" side of the track, because confused by the approach of two trains and stepped in front of one or the other.

Occasionally something is to be gained in distance by taking to the railroad instead of the public highway. The man who feels that he must do this will be wise always to walk beside the track and never on it. It may not be quite as good walking, but he is not likely to suffer regrets in a hospital.—Boston Traveler.

The Coffee Shrub.

As a rule, the coffee shrub first flowers in its third year and then bears only a small crop of fruit. The fifth year is usually the time of the first considerable yield. In Java three gatherings are made annually, called the "early," the "chief" and the "after crop," but only the second is of great importance. The flower enjoys but a very ephemeral existence, as the setting of the fruit generally takes place within twenty-four hours, and the petals wither and fall off almost immediately. A coffee estate in full flower is a very beautiful sight, but its glory is very soon past.—Westminster Gazette.

A Witty Suggestion.

At the time when Thaddeus Stevens was a representative in congress a member of the house who was noted for his uncertain course on all questions and who confessed that he never investigated a point under discussion without finding himself neutral asked one day for leave of absence.

"Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not ask this favor, for he can easily pair off with himself."

Few Wits.

Him—I was confused for a bit, I confess, but it took me only a moment to collect my wits. Her—Yes; it couldn't take any longer than that. Go on.—Cleveland Leader.

Measures His Man.

"I can't say I've never told a lie." "Say the rest of it." "But I never told a man a bigger lie than I think he'll believe."—Pittsburg Post.

His Condition.

Father—Now, Tommy, promise me that you will always count a hundred before you hit another boy. Tommy—Yes, I will if there's any one around to hold the other boy while I count.—Harper's Bazar.

It is impossible to be just if one is not generous.—Roux.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Dr. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Dr. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAL COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

MAN, STUDY YOUR HAIR!

Then Before You Comb It Study the Architecture of Your Face.

Just as surely as hair is woman's crowning glory it is man's glorious crowning—that is, to those that have it. Those whose heads have pushed up through their hair usually use a buckaback towel for the delicate process of parting the hair, but unless one has the peculiar requirements it is not worth while to cultivate them.

Men with low, squatting foreheads should not pull their hair down over their brows, and men whose foreheads are beginning to work back should invite their locks down. If your hair has quietly slipped down toward your ears on each side, leave it there. If you bring it up in strings and wisps it will merely look like climbing vines and will never really have the free and easy homelike appearance that ought to be the part of all natural hair.

Do not part your hair any earlier than you can help. Hair is in a hurry these days, anyway. Usually it doesn't stay more than long enough to make sure that the baby is going to be a boy before it hastens off. It will part of itself soon enough the best you can do. Before combing your hair you should get acquainted with the architecture of your face. If your face is of the harvest moon variety do not delay your hair. Pull it up as much as possible. It's better to look like a feather duster on a Monday morning than a scratched billiard ball on a Saturday night.

But if your face is of a long, galloping ensemble do not encourage your hair to fluff. Instead keep it down close to headquarters. If your head inclines to run up to a cone do not spread your hair around in imitation of a palm tree thatch. Rather fluff it up and wind it for fear some unbridled person will begin to talk about spring radish tops.—Homer Croy in Delineator.

The Bald Eagle's Nest.

Among birds the home of the bald eagle is perhaps the most striking, possibly because of the majesty of the bird itself. It appears to the imagination. Built of huge sticks loosely interwoven and situated on some lofty and inaccessible ledge, with the bones of the eagle's victims scattered round about it, it gives a proper setting to the stern and savage character of its builder. Here the eagle reigns supreme, and here year after year he and his mate rear their young. This is the scene from which he can scan the whole countryside and, like the robber barons of old, levy toll on all who pass his door.

Her Lost Jewels.

Backlotz—What's this I hear about Mrs. Swellman being robbed of her jewels? Subbubs—Fact. They're gone, and Mrs. Kraft is the guilty party. Backlotz—What! You don't mean to say she stole—Subbubs—What else can you call it? She offered the cook 15 shillings a week and the chambermaid 10 shillings, and now she's got 'em.—London Tit-Bits.

A Substitute.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the individual who had just moved into the little town as he entered the grocery store, "but is there a chicken raiser here?"

"Why don't you take an art?" asked the village Tallyrand. "A razor will lose its edge if you use it on a chicken."

Well Fed.

The Barmald—Your dog is getting very fat. What do you feed him on, Mr. McPherson? McPherson—Oh, I dinna gie him ony reg'lar meals. Jist whenever I drop in for a drink he gets a biscuit.—London M. A. P.

Right and Wrong.

It requires something of a hero to give up when he is wrong and a good deal of a family man to give up when he is right.—Puck.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Teaching the Cutpurses.

Stow in his account of London between 1600 and 1650 depicts an inn kept by a kind of Magin of the time of Queen Elizabeth: "One Wotton kept an alehouse . . . near Billingsgate, and in the same house he procured all the cutpurses about the city to repair. There was a school set up to learn young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up. The one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters and was hung about with hawk's bells, and over the top did hang a little scaring bell. The purse had silver in it. And he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a public foyster. And he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without noise of any of the bells was adjudged a judicial nypier, according to their terms of art. A foyster was a pickpocket; a nypier was a pickpurse or cutpurse."

Tricks Any Husband Can Learn.

To tell yellow from green in matching silk. To wash the dishes without breaking more than two. To keep quiet when he's spoken to. To face the cook when she's angry. To find out what she's gas range. To stand in line an hour for two trading stamps. To set up his wife's brother in business. To get up winter nights to investigate "robbers." To smile when his old sweetheart's pictures are burned up. To prefer balma at home to billiards at the club. To drop his old friends because they are "vulgar." To give up coffee because it disagrees with his wife.—Puck.

The Old Man's Schedule.

When they asked the Billville youngster what the "old man" was doing now he replied: "Well, when he ain't talkin' his head off 'bout breakfast beln' late he's a-raisin' Cain with the hired hands, an' when he ain't a-doin' of them things he's a-diggin' for bait an' fishin' in the river an' a-doin' of nuthin' particular."—Atlanta Constitution.

Entirely Different.

"It's all very well before a girl's married for her to get a flower in her hair," remarked the observer of events and things, "but it's an entirely different matter if, after she's married, she gets her hair in flour."

Cynical.

"You seem to find your book very interesting, Miss Mahitene." "Yes; it is one of the most charming stories I have ever read, and so true to life. Every man in it is a villain."

Handed It Back.

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a good coat I go to London. They make them there." Before leaving the shop he inquired, "By the bye, do you attend my church?"

"No," was the reply. "When I want to hear a good sermon I go to London. They make them there."—London Tit-Bits.

Amiability Rules.

Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the more necessary do fact and courtesy become.—Holmes.

Varying Motives.

How different are the men who go. A hero's praise to swell. Some cheer because they love him so, And some just like to yell. —Washington Star.

ANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Capivi, Oil of Peppermint, and other remedies. RELIEVES IN 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

In The Looking-Glass.

BY PRISCILLA LEANARD.

"We just can't!" said Phoebe, taking another piece of fudge. "You see, Anne, the club is going to be just our set and nobody else. Gertrude may be a very nice girl, as you say, but she doesn't belong exactly. She hasn't the same—the same background, you know."

"She lives down a side street, and her father used to sell stove, if that's what you mean," said Anne, the practical. "Well, I like Gertrude. Eternally Mother said something to me that I believe every word of. She said, 'If you girls call that a club for improvement of yourselves, and then turn your backs on wider sympathy and fellowship, to shut yourselves up in foolish social pride and narrowness, you will miss your own object in having a club at all. You won't improve either your minds or your souls by leaving out a lovely girl like Gertrude for such a foolish reason.'"

Phoebe flushed a little. She liked Anne's mother—who was, besides, as every one knew, a woman of unquestioned social position. But then, on the other hand, there was Mary Jennings' mother, who had said that girls could not be too careful what friends they made. Phoebe pushed away the plate of fudge.

"If we talk much longer, we shall get down to the settlement on time," she said. "And Miss Wardell says it sets a much better example to the girls if we're punctual. Come on, Anne, let's catch the next car."

Nothing more was said about Gertrude. But on the car Phoebe could not get the words of Mrs. Lyons out of her mind as she would like to have done. They were not true of course. What was she going down to the settlement for if not for wider sympathy and fellowship? With these poor working-girls? But it really was uncomfortable to have Mrs. Lyons say things like that about their club. It was to be such a splendid club—for art and literature and philanthropy and all sorts of things, and just exactly the right girls and no more.

Anne was a dear; but then, Anne would let anybody in, and spoil it without thinking. Somebody—here Phoebe plumed herself mentally—had to weigh and decide and get exactly the right circle. That was the way it had to be. Social leaders all had to be exclusive, of course.

It was a pity, for Gertrude sang beautifully and was very clever; but really, it was not a personal matter, it was larger than that.

"I wonder if Sadie Evans will be there today," said Anne, reflectively. "That girl has energy enough for six. The way she swings the Indian clubs in the gymnastic drill is splendid."

"Isn't she funny, though, with her flaring red pompadour?" said Phoebe. "They're so queer—such types, all of them."

"The queerest thing to me," said Anne, "is that they're really just like us—like any girls. Don't look so surprised, Phoebe; they really are. I feel as if I were in front of a looking-glass half the time—only they speak out what we don't think of saying."

Phoebe did not answer. In her heart she was wondering whether Anne really was not—well, a little ordinary, in spite of her birth and breeding. Phoebe did not feel in the least like the settlement girls. They were to her a species apart, whom she wanted with all her heart to help, but did not pretend to understand.

That day the rooms were full. Girls, and more girls, pervaded them. There was a strike on among the garment-makers, and girls with unaccustomed leisure crowded in and stood round.

"It is the best kind of chance," explained Miss Wardell, the head resident, to Phoebe and Anne, "to organize your singing class. You can find what evenings suit them all best, and what dues they can pay. Sadie Evans will help you. She's a born leader, and her voice isn't bad; she loves to sing."

Phoebe and Anne went to work. They discovered at once that Katy Bredice, the daughter of the Italian barber around the corner, a very gentle, pretty, well taught girl, who loved to help, and who had just come to the settlement, could and would play accompaniments beautifully.

"Katy is a find!" Anne said, enthusiastically.

Sadie meanwhile was circulating among the other girls, picking out this and that one. "Mary Conner," she said, tapping one girl, "we like your looks for a singing class. Here's Madelon Lund"—putting one arm around a flaxen-haired Swede—"who's going to be our prima donna. Come along, Jessie May—you know it's you for the chorus every time."

One after another she gathered them in—Scottish and German, Irish and American, each with some kind of a voice and ready to sing. Katie sat down at the piano, and proved herself equal to any solo or chorus proposed. It looked like a fine beginning; and yet—

"The girls never turned up the next week. Not one of them—not even Sadie Evans—appeared. 'It's very strange,' said Miss Wardell. 'They were here last night, several of them, and I know they were talking about it—whispering among themselves. Do you know anything about it, Katy?' She turned to Katy Bredice, who had come to play the accompaniments."

"No, indeed," said Katy, looking a trifle embarrassed. "I—I don't know them, except just to speak to them." Phoebe settled it in her mind then and there that Katy was above the Sadie Evans crowd, and felt it. Phoebe did not blame her, for Katy was manifestly more refined and also more prosperous. But Anne looked troubled.

"I'm afraid they've hurt Katy's feelings in some way," she said to Phoebe, as the two went down-stairs later. Out on the sidewalk, by the door, a knot of girls stood, as if waiting for them.

Sadie Evans stepped forward and confronted them.

"Say, we couldn't come this evening, and we couldn't exactly come in and tell you—before here—but we've been waiting out here to explain. We thought we'd better put it up to you, just the way it is. We work for our living, and maybe we ain't stylish like the up-town folks. But there ain't one of us feels she can slug in a class with a dago—that's all!"

"A dago?" faltered Phoebe. "I—I don't understand."

"Well, Katy Bredice's mother ain't a dago," said Sadie, as if conceding a point, "but her father is—a dago means an Italian, Miss Phoebe, and he runs a barber-shop. We don't go with dagos, do we, girls?"

"No, indeed, we don't!" replied a chorus of voices.

Phoebe looked at them all, astounded. There was the Swede, from the laundry; and Jessie May, who worked

in the box factory; and Mary Conner, who waited in a cheap restaurant; and others who were in all sorts of factories and odd jobs. Katy Bredice, why, Katy was more than the equal of any of them! How utterly cruel! How utterly absurd! How could any one even argue with them! Such folly—such an incredible position for them to take! Phoebe suddenly saw a great light. She saw just exactly how they could be so foolish. For the first time she really came into true relation with these—her sisters. She looked in the looking-glass.

"Add then, after a pending moment of decision, she knew—that is say."

"Sadie,"—her voice "was a trifle tremulous, but with a note of authority and yet of sympathy in it,— "why do you join the class at all? To improve yourselves—to go up, or to go down?"

"Why, to go up,—that's straight, and you ladies know it!" said Sadie simply.

"And don't you believe in fellowship, and helping each other—you girls that are willing to strike to help other girls along?"

"Yes, that's right—we do," said one girl after another.

"Well," said Phoebe, looking Anne straight in the eye, as if challenging her to listen, "if you girls call it improving yourself to come to the settlement, and then turn your backs on sympathy and fellowship with a girl who is lonely and needs friends, you will miss the whole meaning of all the big things you might enter into. You won't improve either your minds or your souls by leaving out a girl like Katy Bredice for such a foolish reason."

Anne gasped. Sadie gasped, too, and then spoke:

"You've got us up against it all right. I don't like it, and I don't want to do it; but, say, you're banding out the truth, and you're in society, too. Honest now, Miss Phoebe, would you do it yourself, up-town, for some girl there you don't just want in your crowd?"

"Yes, Sadie, I would," said Phoebe, without hesitation. "I'm talking to you just as—as I would talk to myself."

The sincerity in her voice was convincing. "Well, girls," said Sadie, "I guess we ought to do like she says. Anyway, Katy ain't but half dago. Her mother was a Maloney."

"I like her well enough myself," said Mary Conner, "and she plays just beautiful."

So the end was peace. And as Phoebe and Anne went back that night in the car, Phoebe said earnestly:

"It isn't only that those girls are just like us, Anne—it's that I'm just like them. Tell your mother, please, that I passed on what she said; but I'm going to act on it myself, too. Don't laugh at me, Anne. I've been such a fool, but I've had my lesson."

"I'm not laughing," said Anne. "I'm not laughing. I'm so glad for Katy—and for Gertrude, too."

"Better be glad for me," said Phoebe, "for if any one ever needed an object-lesson, and deserved it, it was Phoebe Irving!"—Youth's Companion.

Where the Thunder Storms?

Giant cosmic naturalists like Von Humboldt and Darwin concur in believing that thunderstorms are common near the equator of great rivers on account of the mixture of large bodies of fresh and salt water at unequal temperatures disturbing the electric and humid balance of the atmosphere, and thus filling the different beds of the full of electric effluvia. New York city and its bays and harbors have seemed to prove this theory true, for oldtimers remember thunderstorms and forked and chain lightning hereabouts as fierce as Jupiter Tonans ever shot at war the trembling air. But Tip wonders whether the high steel structure skyscrapers steadily and silently bleed out the electric juice of the sky nowadays. We see fewer of those terrible long satanic spikes capering, cawing and wallowing across the howling welkin, thundering and scaring the boldest still—Tip in the New York Press.

Considerate.

"What shall we do, John," said the farmer's wife, who had retained much of her sentiment through twenty-five years of married life—"what shall we do to celebrate our silver wedding?"

"Reckon up, where all the silver's gone to in bringing up our family," grumbled he.

"Oh, no, John; it must be something real good and out of the ordinary. I tell you what. Let us fill the fattest pig and give a banquet."

"Marin," said the husband solemnly, "I don't see how the unfortunate animal is to blame for what happened twenty-five years ago."

An Unfortunate Response.

The problem of too many churches in a given locality is often a perplexing one. It is said that the churches in a certain village, on opposite sides of the street, were so close that when the congregation in one church sang "Will there be Any Stars in My Crown?" the congregation in the other church promptly responded, "No, Not One; No, Not One." Fortunately it is if the seeming contradiction is confined to the unintentional inharmonious responses in songs.—August Lippincott's.

"What do you regard as the chief difference between a theorist and a practical man?" A theorist," replied Senator Sorghum, "studies out how a thing ought to be done, and the other fellow makes up his mind how it can be done."—Washington Star.

Stranger (mysteriously)—"I'd like to get into a gambling game of some sort. Where can I go?" Tired Looking Man (whispering)—"Over to the office of that justice of the peace. He'll marry you."—St. Louis Star.

"Cholly's club and Ferd's club got up teams and played a game of ball for the benefit of a hospital." "Make any money for the hospital?" "No, but they made considerable business for it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My good man," said the kind old lady to the ex-convict who had called begging, "what were you in for?" "Robbing the guests in a hotel, mum."

"Abi were you the proprietor of the head waiter?"

Hobbs—I guess the elevator is out of order. What is that sign on the door? Dobbs—The elevator man must be a bit of a rascal. It says, "Please pardon me for not rising."—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Lucille's Sister.

BY LILLIAN G. COPP.

Lucille Trafson's sweet, thoughtful face wore a puzzled expression. If only Anna would look at things properly. But Anna was in her most perverse mood, and arguments would be useless. Glancing at Lucille from under her thick lashes, Anna noticed the worried look and exclaimed contently:

"Oh, Lucille, don't. I had rather you would say that I was wrong than to look so sorry."

A faint smile hovered on Lucille's lips at the impetuous words, but the "sorry" look remained. She carefully smoothed the light, fluffy hair from the cloudy face of her younger sister before she answered, somewhat irrelevantly:

"I wonder if the time will ever come Anna, that you will learn to control your hasty temper?"

Anna straightened herself on the sofa, regarding her little, young form almost to Lucille's level.

"John sets me such an admirable example. I'm in hopes to some time," she returned ironically.

"But you have a good opportunity to set John one now," quickly suggested Lucille, ignoring the sarcasm.

Anna instinctively sensed Lucille's meaning. Her mouth closed tightly in a firm, straight line. Lucille, with anxious concern, waited for the decision. At last it came. Anna bit off the words as if she had a personal grudge against each one.

"I'm not going back, Lucille. John said that he was so tired of my always wanting to come home that he would be only too glad to have me come and stay."

"And you answered with something equally irritating," prompted Lucille.

"Yes," faltered Anna. "I told him that it would be Heaven to come home to you after living with him two years."

"Oh, Anna!"

"Well you needn't feel so badly for John. Anna said with a chilly dryness: "He retorted readily enough that it would be Heaven for him had I never left you. Don't look so shocked, Lucille! He didn't say that."

Lucille wearily rested her cheek in her hand at Anna's words. The hurt-look in her eyes was too much for Anna, whose contrition instantly returned.

"What do you want me to do, Lucille?" she cried in her eager, impulsive manner. "Only tell me and I promise I will do it."

"There is only one right thing to do, Anna. You know what that is as well as I," was the pained answer. "Anna's face flushed hotly. Her impulsive promises were always causing no end of trouble. She was thoroughly angry with Lucille for taking such an advantage of her hasty words."

"I don't know what it is to Lucille whatever I do," Anna thought, angrily, forgetting the fact that it was she who had imposed the task upon her sister.

Lucille watched closely the varying emotions registered on Anna's expressive face, but with a rare tact she waited for Anna to speak.

"Lucille!" Anna's voice betrayed the excitement under which she labored. "Do you believe that a promise once given should be sacred?"

"Certainly do," emphatically asserted Lucille.

"But I said that I wouldn't go back," parried Anna.

"It isn't what you say, dear, but what you do that counts. It will be better to go back before it is too late. Your coming against John's wishes is a small matter compared to your staying."

Anna thought deeply.

"I suppose you are right," she grudgingly admitted. "Then she asked defiantly: 'What make you think that I will ever want to go back?'"

"Because I know you," quietly returned Lucille.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed. Anna moved uneasily.

"Oh, dear," she finally reflected half aloud, "you think that I ought to let John know that I am here?"

Lucille made no answer. Anna slowly arose. At the door she paused and looked appealingly at Lucille. But no counter suggestion was offered.

Two minutes later Lucille heard Anna call John's office number and the city 20 miles distant.

"Yes, I'll hold the line. A pause and then: 'Hello, is this you, John?' The negative note to her voice was noticeable to the listener. 'I'm at Lucille's. Yes, I know, but I'm coming home tonight. You thought so? Well, I did.' Her voice became more cordial. 'But I think differently now. Do you really mean it? I'm so glad.' She said 'good-by' and hung up the receiver."

Then she returned to Lucille. The remembrance of John's words caused her eyes to sparkle joyously as she said:

"John is coming tonight, and we are going home together in the morning." She pressed her lips to Lucille's cheek. "It wasn't easy to do, but I am so glad that I did it," Anna finished softly.

That night when John arrived, there was a demure little woman, in the soft, clinging dress that he particularly admired, waiting for him in the hall. A gleam of satisfaction lighted his eyes as Anna, drawing him into the empty parlor, nestled lovingly in his arms.

"You were so good to come, John," she said in a soft parling voice.

"You knew that I would come if you gave me any encouragement," he answered half reproachfully. "Then he added: 'You women are cruel, Anna, in using your power to hurt the ones who love you best.'"

Through his tone was fond, Anna felt the reproof.

"I didn't mean those things this morning, John," she said earnestly: "only I fear that I should say them again if you objected to my visiting Lucille."

John winced at Anna's straightforwardness.

"Just think of all the years, John," Anna continued, "that Lucille was everything to me. Don't you understand that if I didn't care for her now I shouldn't be worthy of your love."

John put his hand over Anna's mouth.

"I know all you would say," he interrupted: "for never was there a more loyal, impulsive, loving, hot-tempered little woman."

His serious eyes offset his bantering tone.

And Lucille, hearing the soft murmur of voices that came from the parlor, gave a great sigh of thankfulness.—Boston Post.

"Oh, Jimmy, let's pots de lamp out—de smol is someb'ing fierce."

"Not on yer life! Dat a'nt makes it seem like a genuine automobile."

He Didn't Know How.

"She is certainly handsome," said Hopps, looking off toward her.

"And she knows it," said Trayne.

"She is entitled to know it. If I were a girl and as pretty as that, I should just sit around all the time feeling good about myself."

"I guess she does."

"Um. Don't you like her?"

"—but that doesn't matter. Well, yes, rather. Still, you know, there is such a thing as a girl thinking too much about her own good points."

"It's Hopps had a cue."

"I guess," he went on, "that you haven't taken advantage of your opportunity. It's funny about you, Trayne. Here you have been sitting around a couple of weeks with that girl, and you haven't had the experience and wisdom to know how to manage her. I know, I know. What does it matter just how a pretty girl like that regards herself? Now, it ought to have been your business to get on a friendly basis with her. I suppose you showed her that you thought she was too good for her own good looks—resented it, so to speak. Now, of course, no girl will warm up to a chap like that. I didn't think she was half bad, although I have talked with her only fifteen minutes. Trayne, you have wasted your time. I'll show you how."

"Go ahead," said Trayne. "What are you going to do?"

"Well, if you don't mind, I'll take her in hand for the rest of the day. Watch me from a distance, and see how I do it. May pay you with the next one."

"Good! Run over and make excuses for me. I'll leave you a clear field. Want to write some letters home any way?"

Hopps got up, brushed himself off, and stroled over. Trayne watched him lazily.

Hopps fixed his best smile on his face, and began to talk. Trayne lighted a cigarette.

Hopps talked. Trayne lighted another. Hopps grew more earnest. He leaned over and said something confidential. The girl replied. Trayne rolled over on the sand.

After a while he was conscious that some one was standing over him. It was Hopps.

"What do you mean?" said Hopps. "In talking that way about a girl that you are engaged to?"

Trayne bent over, with his hands around his knees.

"Well, you see, old man, it's like this," he replied. "After a man once gets a girl like that—after a hard struggle—he always gets a little critical. I've been feeling so blamed good over the whole affair that I just couldn't help it."—August Lippincott's.

When Venus Came to Boston.

"Augustus Saint-Gaudens," said a Cornish novelist, "used to illustrate the development of art in America by a story of the past."

He said that in the 40s a rich Bostonian built a fine house in the Back Bay. He decided to adorn the lawn with statuary, and having heard of the Venus de Milo he wrote to Rome for a replica.

The copy duly arrived. It was in marble. But the Bostonian no sooner got it than he sued the railroad for \$5,000 for mutilation. He won the suit, too."—Hartford Journal.

Manifested the Makings.

Alderman Smith's baby was being christened, and everybody present was complimenting the happy parents.

"I believe," said the proud mother, "that he is going to be a great politician some day."

"Why?" asked the ruddy faced father.

"Well, because he crawls out of everything so easily," said the wife, smiling up into her husband's face.—Lippincott's.

An Awful Situation.

Mrs. Stubbs—"Just to think, John, when Roosevelt was in Africa he was often surrounded by dozens of wild lions."

Mr. Stubbs (chuckling)—"Well, that is nothing, Ma'am. The other day I took a nap in the park, and when I awoke I was surrounded by dozens of lions."

Mrs. Stubbs (innocently)—"Oh, John, African lions?"

Mr. Stubbs—"Not daundlions."—Chicago News.

Just So.

There had been a family row.

"Well," remarked the alleged head of the house, "a man learns a few things when he gets married. Yes, I, a man, lies and learns."

"That may be," retorted the female half of the sketch, "but the school of experience doesn't bar co-eds."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Better If You Know German.

"What's your name, sir?"

"Wood."

"What's your wife's name?"

"Wood, of course."

"H-m; both Wood. A—ah, any kidding?"—Success Magazine.

Ownership Denied.

"In your advertisement you stated that you have no mosquitoes."

"So I said. Them pesky critters you see flying around here don't belong to me, by heck!"—August Lippincott's.

Domestic Amenities.

"Hubby, I gave your light pants to a poor tramp."

"And what am I going to wear this summer? Kiltie?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cheer Up.

"Troubles never come singly."

"Well, the good things also arrive in clusters occasionally; and and strawberries for instance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Usual Purchases.

"And what did you buy in Europe?"

"Oh, a bogus duke for my daughter, and a few fake Rembrandts for myself."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Mama still clings to her puffs."

"Guess you would, too, if you'd paid fifty-nine cents apiece for 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

A Swimmer's Plucky Encounter With Two Big Man Eaters.

John T. Clark, a well known swimmer, in 1882 had a narrow escape from serving as a meal for two hungry sharks while giving an exhibition at Pensacola, Fla. He had agreed to be sewed up in a big sack, heavily weighted with sand, and be thrown into the bay near the navy yard, from which bag he was to escape by cutting his way out with a knife and swimming ashore.

At an appointed time a flatboat took him out some distance from shore, and after being tied up in the sack he was thrown overboard. He had hardly got more than thirty feet below the surface when something bumped against the sack, and almost instantly the idea dashed through his mind that it was a shark. Before he could do anything there was a bump from the other side of the bag. In a moment or two he had cut his way out and was rising to the surface, still clutching the knife in his hand. Once something cold grazed his leg as he was rising.

On reaching the surface he was greeted with cheers, but noted with dismay that there were no boats near. He started to swim toward the nearest one when the water parted a few feet to one side and he could make out the long black fin of a shark. The monster headed at once for him, and as he was about to dive to escape its clutch another shark dashed in.

As the first shark turned over on its side in order to bite Clark dived below the surface, then up under the shark, and drove the knife time after time into its vitals, and it sank to the bottom. As he came to the surface gasping for breath a yawlboat manned by excited sailors from the navy yard ran alongside, and he was pulled aboard just in time to escape the second shark.—Detroit Free Press.

THE PEANUT.

It Starts Growing In the Open, but Finishes Under Ground.

Most people of the north suppose that peanuts grow like potatoes, on the roots of the vine. Others with equal confidence state that they hang from the branches like peapods. Both are right, and both are wrong. The peanut starts in the air and sunlight above ground in the shape of a flower growing at the end of a long tube. After the fall of blossoms this tube, or peduncle, elongates and bends downward, pushing itself inches into the ground. If for any reason it cannot do this it dies in a few hours. But if it succeeds in burying itself to its own satisfaction the ovary at the base of the peduncle slowly enlarges and forms the familiar pod, which is therefore dug out of the ground.

Scattered over the roots of the plant, however, are numerous warts or tubercles, in which, by the aid of a good microscope, can be seen myriads of minute organisms. These bacteria-like bodies, though they get their living from the plant, contribute materially to its supporting by collecting nitrogen from the air and holding it in storage, so to speak, supplying it to the plant as need requires. These wonderful little storehouses often contain, by analysis, a greater supply of this indispensable fertilizer than the surrounding soil.

The native country of the peanut has long been a matter of dispute, but the department of agriculture states that the weight of evidence seems to be in favor of Brazil. Thus the peanut is added to the four other plants of great importance that America has given to the world—namely, cotton, Indian corn, tobacco and the potato.

Mrs. Simmons glanced at the scare headline, "Bank Robbed! Police at Sea!" and laid down the sheet.

"Naow, look at that, Ed!" she ejaculated, repeating the headline aloud.

"Here's a big city broke into by burglars and th' city police force all off fishin' somewhere! What a scandal!"—Judge.

"Stranger—I say, my lad, what is considered a good score on these links?" Caddie—"Well, sir, most of the gents here tries to do it in a few strokes as they can, but it generally takes a few more."—Boston Transcript.

Patron (to busy waitress)—"You haven't any sinicure, have you?" Waitress—Sorry, sir; but we just served the last order."—B ston Transcript.

Mrs. Winslow's South Sea Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It dissolves at night and broken of rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, and at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Influenza, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists and throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 25th, 1906. Serial number 1115.

One town in Spain has one hunchback to every thirteen inhabitants.

Constipation is positively cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Not by purging and weakening the bowels, but by regulating and strengthening them. This is done by improving the digestion and stimulating the liver to the proper secretion of bile, when the bowels will perform their customary functions in an easy and natural manner. Purgative pills must be avoided. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Price 25 cents.

There is neither thunder nor lightning with in the arctic circle.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands dead here.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

A little absence now and then is relieved by the best of husbands.

There are many forms of nervous debility in man that yield to the use of Carter's Little Liver Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters should be addressed to the Editor of the Mercury, and must be in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and his signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1910.

QUESTIONS.

6461. CLARKE, HACKER—Who were the parents of Rose Clarke? She married Beth Spooner of Dartmouth, Mass., in 1710. Tradition makes her a descendant of one of Governor Walter Clarke's brothers. She named a son Walter. Who were the parents of Joshua Hacker's wife Martha? She was born about 1725 and died in Providence, R. I., 1797.—D. H.

6462. ALDRICH—George Aldrich, of Derbyshire, England, came to America in 1831, settled first in Dorchester, Mass., then in Bratton, and in 1863, before the seventh month, came to what is now Mendon, he, with five others, being its first pioneers. It is supposed that this George Aldrich was the progenitor of all that name now living in this country. Information concerning this matter is desired. In times past there lived in Bristol, R. I., many who spelled their name Oldridge. Were they a branch of the Aldrich race?—W. S.

6463. MANCHESTER—Edward Manchester married Feb. 4, 1720, Anna Williston of Little Compton, R. I. Who were his parents, and when was he born?—W. M.

6464. READ—Would like information concerning the children.

Cyril Read, R. I. 20, 1892. M. 2, 28, 1895. D. 10, 15, 1870. M. Sarah Short Wheaton.

Cynthia Elizabeth.
2. Percy Wilbur.
3. Martha Wheaton.
4. Sarah Wheaton.
5. Theophilus H.
6. Lucius Wheaton.
7. Theodore.
8. Cyril.
9. James Nelson.
10. William Noah.
11. Louise Estelle.
12. Charles Rodman.
13. Eunice Lydia.

L. F.

6465. DODGE—Would like information concerning the Dodge's of Block Island.

Dodge Tristram, Jr., and —, Jan. 30, 1850.

Dodge Anne, and John Rathbun, Jr., Nov. 11, 1880.

Dodge William, and —, April 24, 1894.

Jobu, and —, Feb. 4, 1896.

Mary, and John Rose, Dec. 28, 1898.

Nathaniel, and Margaret Huling, Mar. 3, 1768.

Ebenzer, and Ann Rathbun, Feb. 23, 1714.

Sarah, and Samuel Mitchell, Aug. 4, 1727.

William Jr., and Anne Rathbun, June 20, 1728.

Nehemiah, and Mary Mitchell, m. by Samuel Rathbun, Warden, Feb. 1, 1732.

Dodge Nathaniel Jr., and Debra Downing, m. by Samuel Rathbun, D. Warden, Nov. 12, 1732.

Dodge Elizabeth, and Samuel Rathbun, Jr., June 16, 1744.

John, Jr., of Westerly, and Sarah Hall, of New Shoreham; m. by Simon Ray, D. Warden, (also 5-563) Aug. 15, 1781.

Dodge Samuel, of Newport, and Elizabeth Hall, of New Shoreham; m. by Edward Baude, D. Warden, Jan. 17, 1738-40.—H. G.

6466. PAIN—I would like information of John Pain who married Susanna Sullivan, August 2, 1783, and of their descendants, in order to complete the record of a branch of the Pain family. Both families lived on Staten Island and John Pain is supposed to have gone to Providence, R. I.—E. B.

6467. HOOKER—About one hundred years ago, Rowland and Martin Hooker, brothers, went from Connecticut to Tinnmouth, Vt. For genealogical purpose information of them and their descendants is sought.—A. H.

6468. LANMAN—James Lanman (or Landman) married Joanna, daughter of Dr. Thomas Boylston, at Watertown, Mass., July 5, 1714. When did he emigrate to America, and in what year did he die?—E. W.

6469. THORPE—David Thorpe, of Conn., born 1784, died 1811, married High Bishop, who, died 1807. They were from Milford or Bethany. I would like any information as to their ancestry.—M. T.

6470. DAVIS—I will pay what is right for genealogical information concerning Nathaniel Davis, probably of Roxbury township, Morris Co., N. J., who in Somerset Co. court proceedings is styled "Captain of the Rioters," who ejected Joseph Dolmple in Co. of Morris, N. J., March, 1747. I especially wish the name of his wife, and names, date of birth, &c., of his children.—E. D.

6471. I am desirous of obtaining information of the family of Gabriel Beron and his first wife, Esther LeRoy. She died at Newport, 14th June, 1710, and was buried in the common cemetery there, in the 50th year of her age. They had, Gabriel (died a bachelor), Marie (m. Abraham Tourtelot), Esther (m. May 30, 1718, Adam Powell), Sara (m. Nov. 11, 1723, Benj. Whipple), Jeanne (m. Oct. 11, 1723, was the second wife of Wm. Coddington). Who were Esther LeRoy's parents and from what part of France did she come, and at what date did she immigrate?—B. B.

"So he has lost faith in deep breathing?" "Yes, it wouldn't keep his hair from falling out."

"L" WRECK A MYSTERY

Only Man Who Could Have Shed Light on It Is Dead

Boston, Aug. 5.—With the bent and twisted steel girders shored up with temporary wooden trusses, the regular train schedule was resumed today over the Forest Hills section of the Boston Elevated railroad.

It may be a month before duplicates of the great eight-ton steel cross girders upon which the elevated structure rests and the connecting braces and struts can be obtained from the foundry to replace those damaged by the runaway train which thundered down Washington street at eighty miles an hour and crushed out the life of the only man on board—Motorman Thomas Manning—in a terrible wreck at the curve leading to the Dudley street terminal station.

The last remnant of wreckage was lowered down from the roof of the Elliot Savings bank building into Dudley street last night.

None of the "L" officials are able to explain the exact cause of the wreck or say with positiveness that such an accident may not occur again. The only man who could give a satisfactory explanation of the mystery will never do so, for his lips are sealed in death. Manning died without recovering consciousness.

SIX NEGROES LYNCHED

Florida Mob's Awful Vengeance For Killing of Young White Girl

Bonny, Fla., Aug. 4.—A reign of terror exists in the northwestern section of Holmes county, owing to the determination of the whites, by a wholesale lynching of negroes, to avenge the killing of Bessie Morrison, aged 14, a white girl. The girl was attacked on her way to school last Friday and taken to the woods and killed.

Two negroes who admitted their guilt were lynched. It was thought this would end the trouble, but it proved to be only the beginning, as four negroes have been lynched since, and the vengeance of the whites is not yet satisfied.

BARS LOVE-MAKING

AT EXPENSE OF CITY

Too Much Spooning, by 'Phone, Says Mayor of Pittsburg

Pittsburg, Aug. 5.—It costs the city of Pittsburg about \$12,000 in tolls for city employees love-making over the telephone wires. Mayor Magee's office has issued an order to the heads of all departments that the first employee caught spooning or talking small talk over a telephone is to be discharged. "Central's" different city departments are instructed to report at once any violation of this under pain of loss of their own jobs.

While central is not absolutely expected to eavesdrop, she is instructed to disconnect any wire over which she hears conversation other than city.

TAFT AND LODGE CONFER

Insurgent Victories In the West Furnish Food For Reflection

Beverly, Mass., Aug. 5.—The only caller at the president's home yesterday afternoon was Senator Lodge. It is believed that the two found plenty of food for discussion in the recent insurgent victories in the west.

A fear that the president himself will have to take active steps in order to reconcile the insurgent and the regular elements was expressed. The fact that after the first three skirmishes of the big battle to be fought this fall the insurgents stand in the lead has caused much anxiety in the summer capital.

The belief that the insurgents will make further inroads on the conservative ranks is general. The fact that Speaker Cannon made frantic efforts to save Kansas for the reactionaries without avail is regarded here as a forecast of Cannon's doom. To Republican leaders the most important factor in the Kansas, Ohio and Iowa fights has been the slap directed at President Taft in the Iowa convention, where the position given him was that of reactionary leader. The progressives declare that the coming state contests in the west will show the same results.

LEE STATUE STAYS

Congress Alone Can Put It Out of Statuary Hall in Capitol

Beverly, Mass., Aug. 2.—All the protests against the presence of the statue of General Robert E. Lee in a Confederate uniform in Statuary hall in Washington have been unavailing. The president, acting on the findings of Attorney General Wickersham, has decreed that the statue may remain. The decision of the president assures the statue a permanent lodgment in the Capitol unless congress passes a law for its removal. Such an action is considered beyond the realm of possibility.

Mr. Wickersham consulted the law to determine whether the statue could be removed because of the violent protests against its presence by the G. A. R., especially from the state of New York. He found that there is no provision of law by which the statue can be removed from Statuary hall.

Notorious Bandit Killed Manila, Aug. 2.—Datto Appa, the notorious bandit leader, and several of his lieutenants were killed in a battle with Philippine constabulary near Mindanao.

Mistress—Has anybody called to see that old printing I bought?

Mary—No, ma'am. Somebody called to see the old master, but I said he was out.—London Scraps.

BUY A CLOSET.

Dry goods stores too much of a temptation to you, eh? More clothes than you had any idea of. Of course you can put them away, but 'twould rumple them all up, and that would spoil them. Here's about what you need,

A Wardrobe.

'Twould fit flat against the side of the wall in any out-of-the-way place and be just the protection you're looking for. Built of oak, with dust-proof joints, high enough, broad enough, deep enough for skirts or coats or wraps—and plenty of them, and each hanging as if in a closet by itself. Besides all this there's a shelf in the top for hats and the like. Hadn't you better investigate?

\$12.00

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225-229 THAMES STREET,

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To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

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FEDERAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage. These trains are splendidly equipped—vestibuled buffet parlor cars and dining car to either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS

Daily, Sundays included. Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. The Washington at 8:45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

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Daily except Sundays. Due Washington 8:45 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.

For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.



Members of the Telephone Home are up to date. Some friend is sure to call when any event in which you are interested is to happen. Telephone Service gets people together, promotes friendship and is always available to meet every emergency promptly. Has your home a telephone?

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 111 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

MIDDLETOWN.

There is a great complaint among the farmers about the high prices of horses. One man recently paid ninety dollars for a horse that was permanently lame and prices range from \$125 and \$150 to \$300. The cause has been attributed by some to the scarcity of home raised animals and by others to the exportation to England of American horses.

The members of the Epworth League will hold their annual summer sale at the Berkeley Parish House to arrange for the annual fair for the benefit of St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Mrs. Lyman C. Josephs, the president, who was obliged to be away just at fair time last year, will this year personally conduct the affair, which will occur on Wednesday, August 17.

An important meeting of St. Columba's Guild was held on Wednesday at the Berkeley Parish House to arrange for the annual fair for the benefit of St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. Mrs. Lyman C. Josephs, the president, who was obliged to be away just at fair time last year, will this year personally conduct the affair, which will occur on Wednesday, August 17.

Many of the telephones damaged by the electrical storm of a week ago Thursday were out of commission for a week.

"Do you know many languages, Miss Flora?" "Oh, yes. Stamp flowers, handkerchiefs and fan languages."

Carr's List.

Open Air Schools, by L. F. Ayres

Auction Bridge, by R. F. Foster.

Practical Bridge, by Elwell.

Advanced Bridge, by Elwell.

City of Beautiful Nonsense, by E. Temple Thurston.

The Garden at 19, by Edgar Jepson.

Poppy, by C. Stackley.

Phone 633. DAILY NEWS BUILDING

Him—"I—I don't know how to tell you how I love you." Her—"Don't worry about that—I'll take it as it comes. What you want to get nervous about is how to tell papa about it."

Cleveland Leader.

Usher—"Ladies, the audience wishes you to keep still during this performance." Ladies—"Heaven! Is it possible that the audience hasn't heard this old opera before?"—Cleveland Leader.

"Can't we have our marriage celebrated quietly, dear duke?" "You mean without ze gr-rreat crowd?" "Yes." "I'm afraid not. My creditors are quite sure to find us out and every one will be here!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A committee of the New Zealand Legislature recommended that telegraphers' cramp be added to the list of diseases for which the employer must compensate the workman who suffers it in his employment.

The work of an unknown good man has done like a veto of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

WANTED.

OLD FEATHER BEDS. Best cash prices paid. See me and get top prices before selling. Address:

C. F. DICKINSON, General Delivery, Newport, R. I.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

To the Highest Law of FRANK C. GRAY, to GEORGIANNA GRAY, and to all other persons interested in the premises: NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by said Frank C. Gray to William B. M. Chace, dated July 28th, A. D. 1904, and recorded in Tiverton, R. I., Mortgage Land Records, Book 1, page 69 and 70, and duly assigned by said William B. M. Chace, to Mary A. DeHolla by assignment dated March 20th, 1907, and recorded in Book 4, of the Mortgage Land Records of the Town of Tiverton, R. I., and further assigned by said Mary A. DeHolla to Calista C. Lawton by assignment dated August 28th, 1907, and recorded in Book 8, of the Mortgage Land Records of the Town of Tiverton, R. I., and for breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosure of said mortgage, will be sold to public auction on the premises, on

MONDAY, August 15th, 1910,

at 11 o'clock a. m., the premises described in and assigned to said Calista C. Lawton, viz: FIRST PARCEL is bounded Northerly by the Bullfinch land, so called, formerly owned by Abraham Barker, Easterly by the highway and land of Capt. Isaac Grinnell, late of Tiverton, deceased; Southerly by the Bedford road, and Westerly by the Eight Rod Way, containing one hundred (100) acres more or less.

SECOND PARCEL is bounded Northerly by the Bulfinch Marsh Road, so called; Easterly by land formerly of Thomas Durfee, late of Tiverton, deceased; Southerly by land of Elizabeth Durfee, and Westerly by land of the heirs of George W. Fish, late of Tiverton, deceased, containing twenty (20) acres more or less.

Said premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes and assessments whatsoever. Terms made known at sale.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage. 7-28-10

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., July 18, A. D. 1910.

Estate of John B. Pell, non-resident.

JULIA A. B. PELL, of the City, County and State of New York, Executrix of the last will and testament of John B. Pell, late of said City of New York, deceased, presents of this Court her petition in writing, together with an exemplified copy of said will and of the probate thereof under the seal of the Surrogate of said City, within and for the County of New York, in the State of New York, before which Court said will has been proved, and requesting that said copies may be filed and recorded in the Registry of the Probate Court of said Town of Middletown, according to law, said deceased having left real estate in said Town, wherein said will may operate. It is ordered that the execution of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the said Court house, within and for the County of New York, and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk. 7-24-10

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 25th, 1910.

Estate of William A. Peckham, Jr.

JOEL PECKHAM, Guardian of the person and estate of William A. Peckham, Jr., minor, presents to the Court of Probate of said City of Newport, a petition for the estate of said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the fifteenth day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the said Court house, within and for the County of New York, and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk. 7-29-10

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STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture B. S. Degree

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Applied Science

Home Economics

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

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Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment. Board \$3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 81 cents per week.

Standard entrance requirements for degree course. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.

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STANDARD SIZE \$6.00

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BARNEY'S

Music Store,

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Newport Casino.

Concert Every

Sunday Evening

From 8 to 10 o'clock.

Admission to grounds during

concert 25 cents.

7-14-10

NOTICE

To Taxpayers!

OFFICE OF COLLECTOR OF TAXES, City Hall, Newport, R. I.

The tax bills for 1910 are now in my hands for collection and must be paid on or before August 31, 1910.

The time allowed by the Representative Council for the payment of this tax expires on the thirty-first day of August, 1910, and according to said ordinance (as authorized by the laws of the State), all taxes not paid on or before that date shall carry, until collected, a penalty at the rate of 12 per centum per annum.

Checks accepted.

Office hours 9 a. m. to 12 p. m.

E. W. HIGGEE,

Collector of Taxes.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

A. L. Hackney Carriage License, Hackney Carriage Driver's License, Wagon License and Wagon Driver's License now in force under the provisions of Chapter 88 of the Ordinances of this City will expire on May 31, 1910.

All persons desiring any of the above mentioned licenses for the year beginning with the first Monday in May, 1910, will make application therefor at the office of the Chief of Police, on or before May 2nd, 1910, that the same may be considered by the Board of Aldermen at the meeting of the said Board to be held May 20, 1910.

By order of JAMES H. CROWLEY, Chief of Police.

1-3-11

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best Will not stain Water Acid and Alkali Proof Waterproof and time-defying Requires no coating for many years Coated both sides, won't rot underneath Can be used on steep or flat roofs Elastic and flexible Fire-resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

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WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobileists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-22-11

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FOR EVERY NEED, AT

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T. Mumford Seabury

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—AND—